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# The Herald, January 9, 1892

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# The Herald.

VOL 12

CEDARVILLE, OHIO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1892.

NO. 48

## THE HERALD

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, '92.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

Conductor Jerry Sweeney of Loveland spent Sunday at home.

Mrs. Emily Figg and her grand-son spent the holidays in Columbus.

Miss Kate McCurrant of Indianapolis Ind., is visiting her cousins the Misses Sweeney here.

Prof. Osborne, of New Carlisle, was the guest of his parents at this place during the holidays.

George Smith, of Clifton, is happy over the arrival of a son who made his appearance last Monday.

Mrs. W. M. Gordon and children spent Christmas in Xenia, guests of her brother Samuel Tracy.

Charley Menmuir spent the holidays in Cedarville, returning to Oxford and work Wednesday evening.

The Pan Handle makes the lowest rate ever made to the government Inauguration only \$1.00 Round Trip.

Misses Anna McMillan and Stella Barber have returned after a pleasant visit with friends at relatives.

Silk umbrellas, mufflers, neckwear, and numerous other useful articles for the holidays. A. R. Crandall & Co.

We are offering better bargains in suits and overcoats than ever before at this season of the year. A. R. Crandall & Co., Xenia.

Mrs. Benoni Creswell and family hereby desire to thank their many friends who were so kind to them during their recent bereavement.

J. E. Nagley who has been working with Pettigrew & McMillan came home sick last Saturday evening, but is getting better and will be able to go to his work soon.

Boys' and children's overcoats are now going at very low prices. Everything in the clothing line marked down. A. R. Crandall & Co., Xenia.

A new barn on the farm of Wills Sellers, four miles east of Clifton was burned Tuesday evening about o'clock, as was its entire contents including feed and farming utensils. The loss is estimated at \$2,000 with \$900 insurance.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Barber entertained a number of their young friends last Wednesday evening in their usual pleasant manner at their home in north Cedarville. The crowd was as jolly a one as could be imagined and they had as nice a time as they ever enjoyed. Social games and dancing constituted the amusements of the evening and were kept up until a late hour.

Marriage licenses: Jos O Miller and Grace A Stoup; Thos Faulkner and Minnie Peterson; Luther Hartcock and Vina Peterson; Wm M Priest and S J McPherson; Ira M Elliott and Mary E Dewitt; J William Davis and Hattie Peppers; Wm W Ryan and Mary E Sennard; Brinton B Black and Lillie J Hurley; Chas Mendenhall Kittie Tolley; Wm A Dice Della E Witham; L M Witherspoon and Anna Fugate; Edwin M Strommel and Anna Claybaugh; Willis Johnson and Bessie Johnson; Scott Jeffreys and Jones; Stephen A Vhalen and Minerva Daily.

### Psalm or Hymn.

[Communicated]

As I thought on these things I fell into a swoon. An angel met me and bore me on his snow-white pinions to the elysian fields. There I saw two of the sons of earth, Hyman a Presbyterian (old school), and Psalm a covenant or U. P., I did not learn which. Newly arrived in heaven they were in a quandary whether to approach the throne with a psalm or a hymn upon their lips. Said Psalm-an with much assurance:

"Brother Hyman it will be sacrilege for us to sing a hymn of human composition in the realms of the redeemed. My pastor always taught that true worship consisted in singing nothing but the inspired psalms of David. For fear Michael and his host shall cast us out of heaven as they did the fallen angels, but let us approach the Most High with a psalm of the sweet singer of Israel."

"Nay, Brother Psalm-an," said Hyman, "my pastor taught me by precept and example to sing the grand old songs of Zion that have welled up from the hearts of the church ever since the days of Messiah. What can be more acceptable to the captain of our salvation than the hymns sung by Christ and the apostles and which burst from the lips of the vast majority of saints as they swept through the pearly gates?"

"You startled me, my brother," responded Psalm-an. "My pastor never told me of such things. Pray tell me all your reasons for singing anything but the psalms."

"Most gladly I will do so. You remember our blessed Redeemer at the last supper sang a hymn with his disciples and then went forth to his crucifixion (Matt. 26:30, Mark 14:26). And then you remember that when Paul and Silas were in jail at Philippi they held a prayer meeting at midnight at which they sang nothing but hymns (Acts 16:25 new version). This greatest apostle, speaking under divine inspiration, also commanded to sing hymns and spiritual songs as well as psalms (Eph. 5:19, Col. 3:16). You believe God's word is of greater authority than man's? Then why brother Psalm-an, do you disobey God's command? Besides, the word 'psalm' here used means a sacred song sung to a stringed instrument, the cithara or harp. But you have refused to follow the example of David in accompanying your psalms with instrumental music, and now how strangely must fall upon your ears the notes of yonder golden harp! Then if it be wrong to use human composition in song, why do our ministers use it in prayer and in the sermon? Are they sinners before God because they pray and preach their own composition? And think you that the Apostles fell from grace when they sang hymns? And did the early Christians commit wickedness shortly after Paul commanded them to sing because they sang, as the philosopher Pliny wrote, 'in concert a hymn of praise to Christ as God?'"

"Almost thou persuadest me to sing a hymn," said Psalm-an. "But our pastor exhorted us not to yield to the temptation, to be loyal to our church." "Oh, my good brother," said Hyman, "is then the rule of your church opposed to the teaching of the apostle Paul? If it be wrong for you to sing 'hymns and spiritual songs,' how lonely you will be here in heaven! While the Baptists, and Methodists, Lutherans, and Episcopalians, and old school Presbyterians, and many

other constituting saints, are making the welking of heaven resound with their hymns of praise, you, alas, must keep silent. Our Bible nowhere told us that psalm singing should be the exclusive music around the throne, but that we should sing the song of Moses and of the lamb. But hearken. See you vast multitude. I catch the strain of 'a new song.' Here comes an angel escort singing: 'Worthy is the lamb that was slain to receive power.'

At this juncture the scene vanished from my view. I saw the angel and the two brothers of earth gliding toward the throne, singing together: Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

I awoke, and behold it was only a vision.

Quis. Mr. Edmon:—Much has been said concerning the sad event of the death of Miss Etta Creswell, and all the statements made so far condemn Mrs. George. Are we to believe all these statements? If so, she has certainly been doing some unnatural things, so unnatural as to baffle our understanding. Mrs. George and Miss Creswell were companions, lived only about 800 yards apart, and associated together as neighbor girls do, long before this unfortunate affair took place. Mrs. George invited Miss Creswell to her house on all occasions of social gatherings. This occurred frequently. Not more than four weeks before her death she was over to Mrs. George's and stayed all night and slept with her.

Mrs. George denies bitterly the statement made that she was opposed to the marriage of her son to Miss Creswell, and the above facts bear her out.

Then look at the action of Miss Creswell herself all along toward Mrs. George. Actions speak much louder than words. She did not believe Mrs. George her enemy or she would not have gone buggy riding with her and gone over to Mrs. George's to visit her so frequently.

Now as to "the cold room." The weather was very pleasant on that day and that night, and Miss Creswell sat in that room with the family and with the school teacher, who was boarding at George's, all the evening, up till bed time, and she was feeling well. The room she slept in was the best one in the house and a good fire in it all the time. Miss Creswell received the best possible attention. We would expect Mrs. George to do the very best she could. This would be the natural thing for her to do, which she says she did.

Mrs. George says that she went in person 5 days before her death to inform the mother of Mrs. Creswell concerning her condition and insisted on her coming to see her and Mrs. Creswell refused to come and did not come until about an hour before her death.

Let these facts be considered. They can be substantiated. VERACITY.

The Conundrum Social and Art Gallery at Ervin and Williamson's Hall Tuesday night, under the auspices of the Young People's Society of the U. P. church, was a pronounced success. The Art Gallery was as amusing and instructive a feature as could well be devised and with Talma Baldrige as guide a trip through the art hall was one never to be forgotten. The collection embraced 50 pieces of ancient and modern art, the workmanship of which showed great skill and genius. "Bunyan's Home," as

represented by the artist, showed that that person had gotten there "with both feet," while the one who manipulated the "brush" in "A Reminiscence of Boyhood" showed a tenderness of feeling and a faithfulness of memory that was very touching. In fact the reminiscences seemed almost a reality and came near moving us to tears once more. "A Living Curiosity" was a beautiful conception, but "The Skipper's Home" was rather cheery. "Greece, But Living Greece no More" was as slick a piece of work as we have seen in a long while, and "The Kids at Rest" had evidently been handled without gloves. "The Lassies of the South" and "Sweet Sixteen, Blonde and Brunette," were 'sweet things' according to the ladies. The remainder of the exhibit, from the "Skeleton in the Closet," which had apparently been (w)hooping things up, to the "Fellow That Must be Licked," who bore the 'stamp' of patriotism on his brow, were very interesting and entertaining and the entire collection should be preserved as the nucleus of a public art gallery. The supper was novelty itself, as one did not know whether he was ordering onions or ice cream. The whole affair was highly successful, both socially and financially. Following is the menu as served:

Preserved in the Ark	3 cents
Gold Clapper	3 cents
Negro's Temptation	3 cents
Group of Islands	5 cents
Grasshopper	3 cents
Impertinence	2 cents
Elevated Follies	1 cent
Capital's Tonic	1 cent
Hidden Tears	1 cent
Cloze Shave	1 cent
What I Do When I See a Mouse	10 cents
Hard to Beat	5 cents
Price of a Cold	3 cents
Spring's Offering and Ivory Manipulators	1 cent
Boston's Overthrow	3 cents

### Sunday Excursions via the Pennsylvania Lines.

Tickets at one fare for the round trip between any two stations on the Cincinnati Division from Columbus and Springfield to Cincinnati inclusive will be sold by the P. C. & St. L. Ry. Co. on each Sunday until further notice during the summer of 1891.

Don't forget about the coal, the best grades at Mitchell's Hickory and Ash stove wood at Mitchell's.

Full grade of lumber at Mitchell's.

### The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into nervous prostration. You need a nerve tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great nerve tonic and alterative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored and the liver and kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c. at B. G. Ridgway's Drug Store.

Soap, Starch, Lye and Blues, at GRAY'S.  
Wood and Willow ware at GRAY'S.  
New crop California Prunes, at GRAY'S.  
New crop California Peaches, at GRAY'S.  
New crop Sorghum, at GRAY'S.  
Crackers, Ginger Snaps and Reception Wafers, at GRAY'S.  
Spring repair work at Murray's harness shop.

## MID WINTER SALE.

On Monday Jan., 11th., our Mid-Winter cheap sale of Ladies muslin underwear begins. This will be the greatest sale we have ever had on this very popular line of goods, we have had 5000 pieces made up for this sale and the fit we can guarantee to be perfect as we have had the same makes goods for the past four seasons and they have given perfect satisfaction. This year our lines are much nicer trimmed and are new and better styles than ever before. The prices are 25 and 50 cts., a garment. In our 50 cts. line will be Night Dresses and Ladies Skirts that are worth 1.00 and 1.25 each in a regular way. Each line will contain Ladies and Misses Night dresses, Ladies skirts, Drawers, Corsets Covers, Chemises, Childs Slips, Childs Drawers &c. Besides these two lines we will have 1000 Ladies Corset Covers at 9 cts each, 500 pair of Childs Drawers at 5 cents a pair we made and good muslin; Make you arrangements to attend, this style it will pay you big. It commences Monday Jan. the 11th. Mail Orders will be filled with the very best styles in stock at time it is received. JOBE BROS. & CO.

Sunday Creek, Hocking, Jackson, Pittsburgh and Anthracite Coal at Andrew Bros. & Co.

Go to Boyd's restaurant for a good meal, only 25 cents.

Smith's the place for a sofa.

5a Horse blankets, buggy whips, etc., at Andrew Bros. & Co.  
Halters, collars and all kinds of harness sundries at James Murray's  
Cash paid for fur at S. L. Walker.

Smoke C. P. Wright's cigars. For sale at Bull's.

Silk handkerchiefs and mufflers at J. C. Barber's.

New Sorghum molasses at Andrew Bros. & Co.

If you want a stylish livery rig go to Boyd's.

Go to Charlie Smith for a shave.

Hard and Soft refined Sugars at GRAY'S.

Hard and Soft Refined Sugar, a GRAY'S.

Fresh cakes and bread at the bakery. JACOB SEIGLER

New crop Currants, at GRAY'S.

Buckwheat Flour at GRAY'S.

Roller Avena, Wheat, Oatmeal, Cracked Wheat, Excelsior, Pearl Barley, at GRAY'S.

Teas, Coffees, Cigars and Tobacco, at GRAY'S.

Whole and Ground Spices, at GRAY'S.



## The Cedarville Herald.

W. H. BLAIR, Publisher.

CEDARVILLE, OHIO.

### ETIQUETTE OF THE PILOT.

Some Curious Experiences That Lie in the Path of His Arduous Duties.

Ocean travelers all know of the excitement that is aroused and of the interest that prevails when a pilot is taken aboard an incoming ship. The pilot himself is not oblivious to it, either. And he just banks on it. He lifts himself right above the vulgar throng of passengers and seamen. When he does condescend to speak his words are emphatic and not always nice. It is as natural for him to swear as it is to chew tobacco. It would be hard to say which he enjoys the most. However, the passengers all bow down to him, though what there is to inspire so much admiration in the spectacle of an ordinary looking man with a slouch hat and rubber boots none of them could tell if they tried. Perhaps it is the roughness of his exterior and the breezy bluntness of his manner.

"Of course you have many experiences, pleasant and otherwise, in boarding vessels. Did you ever lose your hold and fall in?"

"What, me! Go overboard! Into the drink! Well, I should say nay. Think I'm a fool?"

"Did you ever lose a ship?"

"Not often. Two or three times they have outrun me, so that some other fellows got them. I seldom lose a ship."

"Then I discovered that a pilot's idea of losing a ship had no connection with shipwreck. To him the ship was lost only when he did not get aboard of her and get the fee for bringing her into port. He knew nothing of shipwrecks; they were not in his line of business. He was paid to save ships, not to lose them."

"Do you make many pleasant acquaintances among the passengers?"

"Oh, I could if I tried, but I don't much care to bother with them. If I should let down any they would be taking liberties on the acquaintance all the time. So whenever I go aboard and they get familiar I just give 'em some back talk that will shut them up quick. They are always a-betting on the number of my boat and what I look like and a-climbing all over me for the latest New York papers."

"What is the first thing you say when you get alongside the ship?"

"The first thing? Well, it's usually 'Lower down that ladder, you lunk-head!' All the while the passengers—men, women, and all hands—are yelling at me for my number. I don't pay any attention to them till I get on deck, and then I just say: 'Now, blow you, I'm No. 8! Do you understand?' Then they do not bother me much after that. They get right out of my way and I can go along about my business. I ain't paid to answer fool questions for passengers. I find that if I give them a good blast at the start they will keep their distance."

"A little while ago a woman came rushing up to me as I was coming up the gangway, and I thought she was trying to throw her arms around my neck. I don't like that kind of nonsense right out on deck. I slung her off. Thought maybe she was crazy. Then she came at me again, and I saw she wasn't trying to hug me, but was trying to turn my chin around so that all could see. 'Look, 'she said, 'he hasn't got any beard and I've won.' That made me kind of mad and I said:

"'Madam, it's none of your business if I haven't got any face,' and I guess I spoke very plain. Come to find out they had been betting on whether I had a beard or not."

"Do smugglers ever try to get you to do work for them?"

"Not as I know of, of course, I ain't in that business. One time, though, not long ago, I think a fellow worked me. Just before the ship was docked he came to me with a little box in his hand not more than four inches long, and said that he had got to catch a train over in Jersey right off and wouldn't have time to deliver that box, as he had promised, to a firm on Maiden lane. If I would do it for him he said there would be a good box of cigars coming for me. Well, I don't smoke, but everything goes, and a box of cigars is worth a car fare any time, and so I took it."

"It came out just as he said, and after I had found out that the cigars were really fine and I got away with them, it flashed across my mind that the firm were diamond dealers and that maybe that little box had diamonds in it. Of course, I felt pretty well out up about it, but what could I do?"—N. Y. Herald.

### Not Very Consistent.

A western editor was writing at home, when his children disturbed him, whereupon he howled to his wife:

"Make them cursed brats keep quiet, or I'll get up and beat the life and soul out of them."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"I'm busy writing an editorial denouncing the infliction of corporal punishment in children in the public schools, and if those brats interrupt me once more I'll get up and wear my cane out on them."—Texas Sittings.

—Married men in the rural districts who do not subscribe to courses of lectures are twitted with having lectures enough at home.—Once a Week.

## THE BATTLE FIELD.

### HONESTY OF THE SOLDIER.

Not a Paymaster Robbed During the War.

After the first year of the volunteer into the new life of the soldier, it was a matter of time, either by oath of muster in or some invisible cause made him a man of honor, a man whose word could be trusted. I am willing to admit that in the preparatory camp he may have been, and was, somewhat wild, but when he became somewhat accustomed to the routine of soldierly duties, saw the necessity of drill and discipline, his word always seemed to me as good as gold.

This fact is more firmly established for the reason that with the thousands of opportunities I have yet to hear of by the soldier, the volunteer or regular soldier, and this point stands out in high relief to their credit, for nothing could have been more easy during those days than for one soldier and one accomplice, making themselves independently rich, had they been so disposed.

During the last two years the surviving soldier of the late war will no doubt remember the small iron safe carried by paymasters when they came to "the front" to pay off the troops. They were small, as a matter of course, and two men could carry it easily, it having a handle on each side for that purpose.

When a paymaster would arrive, he would be given an extra tent in which to place the safe; a guard would be detailed who was supposed to keep the safe in sight, and I well remember an incident that came under my own view of that kind. The safe in this instance contained, the paymaster told me, seven hundred thousand dollars. An extra tent was assigned him on his arrival, and a detail of three men, all he asked for, was made to guard the extra tent. The guard paced backward and forward in front of it, but as he could not possibly see the rear of it, and only occasionally its sides, any one could readily see that it would have been no difficult matter for two dishonest soldiers to have cut open the tent from the rear, quietly enter it, and carry off the safe with all its contents, the guard being none the wiser. Even the guard could easily have become an accomplice with some others, and winked at the robbery. After securing the booty, it could easily have been hidden away, to await a future visit; when the fortune could have been secured and divided.

This is only one illustration of the ease with which paymasters could have been robbed, but there were dozens of other plans that might have been put in force, whereby a fortune might have been secured.

To the everlasting credit of the soldiers composing the federal army during the late war, not a single paymaster was robbed by the soldiers themselves. They did lose money in many ways; one I believe, lost in gambling nearly all the contents of his safe; an immense amount of greenbacks were lost by the sinking of the Sultana on the Mississippi, below Memphis, if I remember correctly, rising into more than a million of dollars. They lost money in many other ways, but no soldier that I ever heard of, was guilty, with all the opportunities at his disposal, of taking a single greenback from them.

There was something in the service that seemed to put men on good behavior; it might have been the oath required of them, or it may have been the knowledge that when they wore the uniform of their country they represented the everlasting principles of right, justice and humanity in general, and that it would be inconsistent in them to do a single act that was mean or wrong. In any way it may be looked at, the fact that no paymaster was robbed by the soldiers during the war, whose opportunities were excellent every day, speaks volumes in praise of the inherent honesty of the pay corps of the federal army during the war.—Reub. Williams, in American Tribune.

### FATE OF A UNION SCOUT.

Taken From His Comrades and Shot as a Traitor.

It happened that when Col. Streight, of Indiana, made his famous raid into Georgia in the spring of 1864, in an abortive attempt to destroy the arsenal at Rome and draw away Bragg's cavalry from the front of Rosecrans, then at Tullahoma, he had in his command as guides and scouts some fifty East Tennesseans, picked from regiments at Nashville, for this special duty. These mountaineers proved invaluable to the command in piloting it through the passes and defiles of the rugged country in which Streight's rough-riders operated. They knew all the short-cuts, the fords and good stands for battle when the column was pursued, and attacked, as it was almost daily from the start of the expedition by the rebel cavalry.

On May 4 Streight and his little band of raiders stacked their guns and surrendered to the superior force of Gen. Forrest, the famous confederate cavalry leader. Among those surrendered were the hardy scouts and guides. Of their number was a Tennessean from Waldron's Ridge, in the locality where these mining troubles now exist, named Albert Wintermuth. Wintermuth was a daring fellow and had done excellent service on the raid both as guide and on

the skirmish line in the daily bouts with Forrest's men before the capture. He and the writer, who was a member of an Ohio regiment in Streight's command, and interned in the camp days of the disastrous expedition, and before the day of capitulation had become sworn friends.

After the surrender, the federal soldiers were taken to Rome and corralled on the bank of the Coosa river, near the little city, surrounded by a heavy guard. Wintermuth was noticeably nervous. He seemed to lose all his reckless bearing after his carbine had left his hands. The reason for this sudden change came out later.

On the first morning after our bivouac on the shore of the Coosa a file of confederate soldiers marched by the guard into the camp. The prisoners, one thousand three hundred in number, were ranged in single file on the four sides of the inclosure. The officer, the captain of a regimental company, who headed the squad of newcomers, then passed along the line. With him were two women. They seemed to be of the ordinary type of southern women one met in those days in the little farm houses in the mountain regions of Tennessee or the Carolinas. The elder one was perhaps forty-five, while the younger, though sallow-faced, was rather comely and scarcely twenty years of age.

Wintermuth and I stood side by side in the line. There was much wonderment among the men as to the purpose of this inspection. A slight tremor of the arm that touched my own on the right caused me to look at Wintermuth. His face was corpse-like, but not a word escaped him. The officer and the women in his company were approaching, closely scanning each man in the line as they stood with heads bared for the scrutiny. When the eyes of Wintermuth and the woman met, there was a flash of recognition, betraying hatred, too, on the part of the visitors.

When the younger female had quickly scanned the face of my comrade, she said, sharply: "That's the man. Your name is Al Wintermuth."

Not a word fell from the lips of Wintermuth, but as his face took on a deeper pallor, I felt the tremor in his arm cease. His muscles seemed to be almost rigid.

"Step out here," said the officer. Wintermuth obeyed. A motion of the hand to the file of confederate soldiers, who had been quietly standing at order arms, brought them to where the captain stood.

"March this man to the guard-house and see he don't escape. At the first move he makes put a bayonet or a bullet into him."

These were their orders, and without a word my comrade in arms was gone. There was no time for leave-taking, and the suddenness and mystery of the thing had driven words away. The two women passed without the lines as they had come in the company of the officer.

Within ten days after Wintermuth left the lines he was dead. "Court-martialed and shot for desertion and serving with the enemy," was the entry on the roster after his name.

His story was learned after the war. Business called me into that part of Tennessee from which Wintermuth had come and from relatives the facts were gleaned. His family were staunch unionists. The father and three sons had enlisted in a Kentucky union regiment. Albert being the youngest remained at home. He was paying court to a young girl in the Sequatchie Valley, whose family were all ardent supporters of the confederacy. The engagement was broken off by the ill-feeling engendered by war. Wintermuth was conscripted into a Georgia regiment, deserted and joined a Tennessee battalion in Rosecrans's army. The families became bitter enemies. The Egglers, driven out of their home by the change in the shifting tide of war, had gone to Georgia, and mother and daughter were visiting a brother and son stationed with his regiment at Rome when Streight's men rode through the streets as prisoners. They saw and recognized Wintermuth. Their story was soon told to the provost-marshal, and willingly or unwillingly the woman who had once promised to be the brave young mountaineer's wife, pronounced the words which caused his execution as a traitor.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

### Gen. Connor and the Mormons.

A good story is told of Gen. Patrick Connor, who commanded in Utah during the war. In February, 1863, his force encamped near Salt Lake City, after a long and hard campaign against the Indians. Brigham Young, the governor of Utah as well as president of the Mormon church, promptly sent a bishop to him to say that the government had exempted a township (thirty-six square miles) from occupation by any federal troops; that his presence was not desired by the governor and that he must retire at once. Gen. Connor heard the bishop to the end and then made this answer, his native brogue coming to the front as he became excited. He began very gently: "Bishop, will you tell Mr. Young that we've marched many a long mile, and that we're tired. We find good campin' ground here—well drained and watered, and we're comfortable where we are, and we don't want to retire unless we have to. An' tell Mr. Young that if we do retire 'twill be to the front—down into Salt Lake City, wid our guns in the main streets an' my headquarters in the president's house. That's all, bishop." And Fort Douglas still stands where Gen. Connor placed it.—N. Y. Sun.

## IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

### CLUBS FOR THE WORKERS.

The Class of Women Who Need the Aid of Such an Organization.

The history of labor in this country had included from the beginning, organization for mass action, was accepted as necessary and inevitable, and the workmen, even when the most discontented and unreasonable, had come to represent something firm, self-reliant and loyal to his class. The consciousness of his manhood and his rights as a man were ingrained facts, but since the knights of labor sent out the "Preamble" woman had no share in the scheme. Under the old regime, all workers had been part of the family. The apprentice system included this, but the sudden broadening of all avenues to wealth, brought about by the enormous growth of the country, and the improved machinery which met the new demand for production, ended the old and brought in the new. Inevitably in this new, the individual dropped out of sight. Workers became simply "hands," and remain so. That bodies owning souls and brains are also to be included, forms no part of the consideration. Society has long concentrated its work principally on the criminal, and thus a mass of hard-working patient women and girls who also must earn, and who began the work untrained, undeveloped, and gaining their knowledge of both life and work through sharp experience, walked in our midst unregarded and uncared for. In the great cities a portion lived at home, but the larger part were lodged in tenement-houses, or if a little higher class of worker, in narrow hall bed-rooms of cheap boarding houses, or clubbed together in a larger one.

The report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor for 1884, on the working-women of Boston, their wages, lives and general conditions, was one of the first strong impulses toward betterment. As in all suddenly defined need of action, the movement began almost simultaneously at different points, Philadelphia taking the lead. The "Working-Women's Guild" of that city, an offshoot of the New Century club, owes its life as does also that of the parent, to the wisdom and energy of a woman who has always ignored recognition, and gone her quiet way, bent only upon accomplishing her purpose. Mrs. Eliza S. Turner, first president of the New Century club. It was to her that New York workers turned when the thought came also to them that the dreary lives of shop girls and general workers might be lightened, and there are points in the Philadelphia system still to be attempted in New York. There is small occasion for criticism of methods. All know the untiring energy and devotedness of Miss Dodge and her work, and the convention of working-girls' clubs held in New York in April, 1890, demonstrated the extraordinary change that six years of work had brought about.

For every city where the experiment had been tried, hundreds had learned two things that underlie the formation of any such organization. First, that there are means of happiness and of growth within the reach of all workers, and second, that out of such organization grows a feeling of mutual trustfulness, solidarity, and "a confidence in the power of concentrated action, which will enable the worker to make effective claim to larger and juster share of the product of her labor." Seventy-five societies banded together to these ends met at the New York convention, and gave three days to general discussion of what had already been done, and of methods of enlarging the work. One of the most vital phases of effort connected with the movement is the White Cross society, and the special talk to girls, hundreds of whom have received from this source their first lesson in the laws of life. Classes of every variety, from languages to cooking, have been formed, and the Philadelphia Guild, an absolutely unsectarian one, has included light carpentering and other features of industrial training. Further detail of the practical side is unnecessary, since he who runs may read. That there is sometimes too evident an attempt to wipe out dividing lines, and reach the level of the lowest worker, is at least a venial fault. At best it is a task filled with difficulties. The sense of perfect equality—the "I'm as good as you are" feeling, is strong in every one. How to guide this personal independence so that it may keep the soul of wholesome modesty within, yet learn that there is no equality save as souls seek the same things and those the highest, is the problem to be solved.

A myriad questions arise which only experience can answer. But one thing is certain. Of all the clubs forming on every hand, none are of such vital power, or essential to any growth for women, as a whole, as those for the worker. Her wage at best for the whole United States is, as given in the report of the United States Bureau of Labor for 1888, entitled, "Working-Women in Large Cities," a trifle under five dollars a week. The actual figures are \$4.84. These mean sharp limitations; so sharp that when their possibilities are summed up, one has hardly words to praise, in just measure, the patience, the fidelity of the mass of these workers. Every influence from without tends to force them to a dead level and to keep them there. It is, then, a demand upon more fortunate women, to lighten hard conditions, and give to all the knowledge in which lies their only hope of escape.—Helen Campbell, in Arena.

### MISS JANE M. WELCH.

As a Student of American History She Is Far in the Lead.

John F. Park and Jane Meade Welch; I know of no one who so thoroughly understands American history." He might have said with perfect truth that what Miss Welch knows she is able to communicate in such a way as to inspire others with the enthusiasm for American ideals which led her to make this especial province of knowledge her own. In this last particular she is peculiarly gifted. Presented by her, historical facts glow with living interest, and in investing them with potent philosophical significance she becomes as truly an interpreter as any poet.

A slender, dark-eyed, dark-haired woman with a genial smile, Miss Welch possesses in a marked degree a pleasing and winning presence. Being a lineal descendant of John Alden and Priscilla—as there is much in the run of the blood—it is quite natural that she should have devoted her leisure to investigating the history with which her distinguished ancestors were so intimately connected.

Miss Welch was connected with the editorial staff of the Buffalo Courier for ten years, and it was during that time that, as a matter of inclination, she devoted her leisure to the study of American history. The zealous interest which was developed by her study led her to discuss the subject with her friends, who soon began to share her enthusiasm and to urge her to give regular informal talks in her mother's parlor. Soon the fame of these talks reached Chautauqua, and Miss Welch was invited to speak there. She was received with enthusiasm, and now has charge of the department of American history in the Chautauqua extension course.

Miss Welch holds that women will be especially benefitted by the study of American history, and quoting James Bryce as saying that no country owes so much to its women as does America, or owes them so much in the beliefs that govern conduct, she adds that America will owe a great deal more to its women when they have mastered American history.—Chicago Post.

### Women Placed Winners.

The place attained by women at the examinations of the University of London is regarded with particular pride by those interested in woman's educational advancement, for not only are the tests more severe than those of any other English examining body, but the men and women students meet on an equal footing, and prizes are offered for their competition without favor on either side. At the summer examinations the women students fairly held their own, although the distinctions between the subjects of study affected by men and women are strongly marked. In Latin but one woman's name appears, and that in the second class, while in English three out of four students who take honors are women. In mathematics, too, one woman figures alone, a (tertium) student, who has obtained first-class honors. Altogether the Homeric list is a creditable record for women.

### Recent Inventions of Women.

It is a mistake to suppose that women lack inventive genius. Last week one of them obtained a patent for a portable electric illuminating advertisement. Another woman has patented an improvement in umbrellas, a third has an improved guide for the wrists of piano-forte players. Another has improved corsets. Still another has patented a new way of sharpening pencils, or rather a new apparatus for sharpening them. A woman who has, no doubt, a fancy for finger rings, has got out an appliance for keeping them from slipping off, and the list winds up with a strong brained woman who has patented a new and improved means for inducing and increasing up-draft and preventing down-draft in fireplaces.

### WOMEN IN THE FIELD.

ADDIE JOHNSON, of West Virginia, is a skillful machinist. For three years, she had entire charge of a grist and planing mill.

MISS HELEN SMITH, who edited the Bar Harbor Record last summer, is said to be the only editor who succeeded in procuring an interview with Mr. Blaine.

SALLIE MATTHEWS, of Cloverport, Ky., has been for six years agent of a coöperation company, with two hundred men and several steamboats under her command.

DR. AMY KIMBALL, of Jackson, Mich., has one of the largest practices in the city. She is consulted by all the leading masculine physicians, and is much beloved by her townpeople.

Mrs. BLOOMINGTON, of Jackson, Mich., has been chosen treasurer of the school board of which she is a member, and the wealthy women of the city went on her official bond for twenty thousand dollars, just as if she were a woman.

ANNIE E. CHITTENDEN, of Osceola, Ia., has patented a road cart which is designed to support the weight of the occupants on the axle, relieving the animal of all strain, and obviating the disagreeable jar frequently found in carts as now constructed.

Mrs. GEORGE BOWMAN, of Chicago, has recently patented a car coupler of her own invention, whose simplicity and ingenuity have won the praise of all practical railroad men who have seen it. Experts say that by its help cars can be handled much more expeditiously, and with perfect safety.

## THE FARM.

### SHIPPING.

Experience of a Fruit

My berries were Point garden, about market, and it was rangelments should them to the store as as possible. In cas ble packages I car kets as illustrated, convenience of h etc., seemed to just

Into each one, an placed 13 plates, 4 o on two wooden bars and caught into the splints, which also on top on the end could be placed 5 plates and at the folded papers in ord rocking, as the bott otherwise moving, top, to secure them quite netting was around the edge of t peach baskets are co red color was used a attractive and suitab as the fruit itself is ing to enhance its a



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In this way, altho good deal to the exp never had any occas the fruit carried in go at very little expense, of 13 plates cost 12½ c or more were sent at warded the expressmen trouble by giving them berries (not of the l they were, in consequ all that they could to b careful handling of my friend.

Altogether, my ship was very satisfactory, the same thing can be similarly situated, by g the right way. It is b pose that, with a lon some improvements themselves, as was the second season as com first one.—Elmer E. S try Gentleman.

### THE FARMING.

TO REMBER NEW ROP diminish its strength hour or so and dry taking care that it does knot.

THE stalks of cab put in the ground wil covered, so as to hav sprouts and supply cal spring.

A few sheep will gers, and clear away kind that is not re The mutton breeds w in small flocks.

If you cannot pu refuse bones place fruit trees and vine deep enough to av turned up by the plo

When the crab ground completely until it dies down a field over. Plowing the seeds during the

PORTLAND should pa It is not usual for th a crop to sell during but the hens do not f egg basket when p sources has ceased.

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be subjected to others may escape. demands varied crop can be best utilized in variety.



My berries were raised at View Point garden, about twenty miles from market, and it was necessary that arrangements should be made to get them to the store as safely and cheaply as possible. In casting about for suitable packages I came across the baskets as illustrated, which because of convenience of handling, lightness, etc., seemed to just fill the bill. Into each one, and on top, could be placed 15 plates, 4 on the bottom, then on two wooden bars placed lengthwise and caught into the holes between the splits, which also held 4 plates, then on top on the outside of the cover could be placed 5 plates. Between the plates and at the ends were placed folded papers in order to prevent their rocking, as the bottoms are round, or otherwise moving. Over those on the top to secure them still more, mosquito netting was spread and tied around the edge of the basket, just as peach baskets are covered. That of a red color was used as being the most attractive and suitable, although, so far as the fruit itself is concerned, nothing to enhance its attractiveness was needed. However, it is my practice to make fruit appear its best at all times; so it was not neglected in this instance, as might have been done if blue or some other colored netting had been used.

The matter of shipping safely gave me some trouble, as it certainly would not do to consign such fruit to the ordinary by-no-means tender mercies of the average express company. However, by going about the business in a determined but pleasant manner, and seeing the officials personally, I arranged with the express messenger on the train to give special care to my baskets of fruit, and to deliver them to the express agent at Buffalo, who was authorized to sign my name to the receipt and to keep them safely until a man from the store called for them. In this way, although, trusting a good deal to the expressmen, yet I never had any occasion to complain, the fruit carried in good condition, and at very little expense, as each basket of 15 plates cost 12½ cents, when two or more were sent at a time. I rewarded the expressmen for their extra trouble by giving them a few quarts of berries (not of the large ones), and they were, in consequence, ready to do all that they could to help me, so far as careful handling of my fruit was concerned.

Altogether, my shipping experience was very satisfactory, and I think that the same thing can be done by anyone similarly situated, by going about it in the right way. It is but natural to suppose that, with a longer experience, some improvements might suggest themselves, as was the case with the second season as compared with the first one.—Elmer E. Summey, in Country Gentleman.

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## THE FARMING WORLD.

### SHIPPING BERRIES.

Experience of a Fruit Grower Who Sells them in Round Plates.

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### THE FARMING WORLD.

To render new rope pliable, yet not diminish its strength, boil it for an hour or so and dry in a warm room, taking care that it does not kink up or knot.

The stalks of cabbages should be put in the ground with the roots well covered, so as to have them send out sprouts and supply early greens in the spring.

A few sheep will serve as scavengers, and clear away much food of a kind that is not relished by cattle. The mutton breeds will always thrive in small flocks.

If you cannot pulverize or grind refuse bones place them around the fruit trees and vines, burying them deep enough to avoid having them turned up by the plow.

Where the crab grass covers the ground completely it is best to wait until it dies down and then burn the field over. Plowing it only protects the seeds during the winter.

Porter should pay best in winter. It is not usual for the farmer to have a crop to sell during the cold season, but the hens do not forget to fill the egg basket when profit from other sources has ceased.

A contemporary says that one of the best plans of applying lime is just before plowing under a green crop. In addition to the action upon the soil the lime will help materially to rot the growth that is turned under.

The difference between a sharp plow and a dull one may not appear very important, but it may make the difference in labor of three horses compared with two. When the implements are in proper order less power is required.

It is not wise to attempt to farm by making a specialty of one kind of animal or crop. There is less risk of failure and loss by growing a number of crops of different kinds, as some will be subjected to drawbacks, while others may escape. A diversity of soil demands varied crops, and varied crops can be best utilized by animals differently in variety.

## THE MANURE HEAP.

### Seasonable Notes in Making Fertilizing Matter in Winter.

No farmer can expect to make manure of any kind except by changing some substance from its original condition to that of a decomposed material. Adding the refuse of the farm to the manure heap gives it no value until the materials are converted into plant food. The land will be benefited just as much if the wastes are left in the fields as to add them to the heap, for nothing can be gained above their real value. What is termed "making" manure is really "saving" the manure in the heap by preventing loss of soluble and volatile matter, and for that purpose the refuse and wastes serve an excellent purpose. The farmer loses manure by not taking advantage of the materials within his reach for retaining all the valuable properties of the manure that has been added to his heap during the summer and fall.

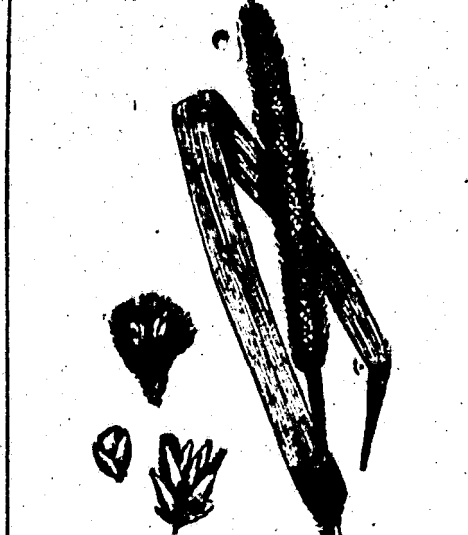
As a rule too much coarse material is used for absorbing the liquids. The coarse absorbents will in time decompose and become a part of the heap itself, but before this is accomplished the heap loses a portion of its value. It is well known that when the absorbent material is fine its power of absorption is greater because it presents more surface to the liquids, and can be more intimately mixed with the manure in the heap, and it can also be more closely packed, with a larger amount used on a certain space. It will also, of itself, decompose more quickly, and the whole mass be in better condition for handling and as plant food. It is advisable, therefore, that straw, stalks and all kinds of bedding be cut, and in the short condition it can be used as absorbent material.

If the heap is rightly managed it should be occasionally turned over, so as to decompose the materials more completely, and, as this requires labor, the winter is the most favorable time for so doing. The leaves, dry dirt and other materials as well as all rakings and refuse matter (soapsuds, etc.) can be saved, and in so doing there is a preservation of the manure voided by the animals. When a farmer makes manure in the winter he saves his materials from loss. If all the manure made could be saved in its original condition, without deterioration, the farmer would require but little, if any, commercial fertilizer, yet, with proper management there is nothing to prevent the farmer from avoiding a great proportion of this loss.—Philadelphia Record.

### HAS FODDER VALUE.

Cattle and Horses Are Said to Be Very Fond of Pearl Millet.

Among new fodder grasses noted by the United States department of agriculture, pearl millet is considered as having much fodder value, especially in the south. Other names are cat-tail millet and Egyptian millet. It is described as a tall, erect, thick-stemmed grass, growing to the height of six feet or more. It has an abundance of broad leaves and is terminated by a spike-like panicle, which is compact and cylindrical, a foot long, and resembling the common cat-tail. The



PEARL MILLET (*Pennisetum Typhoides*).

panicle is studded with small obovate grains, which are surrounded at the base by numerous coarse hairs or bristles. It is probably a native of the East Indies, where it has long been cultivated, and forms an important article of food. It is also cultivated in the southern states for fodder and on rich ground produces an enormous yield. It may be cut several times during the season, and after cutting sends up numerous sprouts with broad succulent leaves, and juicy sweet stalks. On rich ground it produces so abundantly as to make it difficult to find room to cure it into fodder. Cattle and horses are very fond of it, both green and when cured. It is an annual, and will not mature its seeds except in a warm climate.

### Farmers and Their Food.

The farmers of America ought to be the best fed people in the world, and are. It is true many have crude ways of putting up and preserving meat foods and of cooking them. It is also true that they use the broiler too little and the frying-pan too much, but the young people, the farmers of the next generation, will do better and live healthier, happier and longer in consequence. With an abundance of milk from healthy cows, plenty of chicken, meat and eggs, fresh fruits and vegetables all the year round, a little salt pork should go a long way.—Colman's Rural World.

## HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. West & Trux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Wadding, Kinsman & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

As soon as this new odorless whisky comes into general use the breath of suspicion will have to go out of business.—St. Joseph News.

For the relief and cure of the inflammation and congestion called "a cold in the head" there is more potency in Ely's Cream Balm than in anything else it is possible to prescribe. This preparation, which is sold by your druggist, has for years past been making a brilliant success as a remedy for cold in the head, catarrh and hay fever. Used in the initial stages of these complaints Ely's Cream Balm prevents any serious development of the symptoms, while almost numberless cures are on record of radical cures of chronic catarrh and hay fever after all other modes of treatment have proved of no avail.

The chicken thief's recollection of his scam is mostly associated with plucked duty.—Yonkers Gazette.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3 inch display advertisement in this paper, this week, which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week, from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "crosscut" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word and they will return you book, beautiful lithographs or samples free.

CANNONS are popularly supposed to bark, but that is no basis for believing that horse pistols neigh.—St. Joseph News.

Gratifying to All.

The high position attained and the universal acceptance and approval of the pleasant liquid fruit remedy Ely's Cream Balm, as the most excellent laxative known, illustrate the value of the qualities on which its success is based and are abundantly gratifying to the California Fig Syrup Company.

"You're a dead loss to yourself" is the latest sarcasm of a fellow man he is no good.—Philadelphia Record.

THROAT DISEASES commence with a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Price 25c.

A PERSON with a cork leg, corked eyes, blue-bottle nose and jug-handled ears must be full of spirits.—Town Talk.

If you are constipated, bilious or troubled with sick headache, Beecham's Pills afford immediate relief. Of druggists. 25 cents.

BIRN is the staff of life, and pie is the stumbling block.—Yonkers Statesman.

Explosions of Coughing are stopped by Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Ely's Whooping Cough Cure in one minute.

OVER HEED—the shepherd.—Baltimore American.

The smallest boy frequently gets the biggest spanking.—N. Y. Morning Journal.

A MEXICAN boss—Kissing the wrong girl.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

WISDOM is knowledge harnessed up and put to plowing.—Ham's Horn.

THE good cook should be given a wide range.—N. O. Picayune.

IT doesn't satisfy a hungry tramp to find only a fork in the road.—Yonkers Statesman.

IT isn't safe to bandy words with a chemist. He is pretty sure to have a retort ready.—Lowell Courier.

YESTERDAY is a waste basket into which Time dumps lost opportunities.—Washington Star.

A MAN should be careful how he walks when there is a wash out in his back yard.—Lowell Courier.

WHEN a man starts out to reform himself he has undertaken a job that will keep him busy for life.—Ham's Horn.

SOME men imagine that their wrongs mature immediately after their wedding rites.—Yonkers Gazette.

"No sooner is good news," said the condemned criminal when he learned of his reprieve.—Elmira Gazette.

A SHORT term order—his honor's decision—threw a day in the house of correction.—Lowell Courier.

A WAGGON dog kennel should be built with the dog house and be lighted by a bay window.—Lowell Courier.

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Every time the clock ticks a quarter drops into Russel Sage's capacious coffers.

The president and half his cabinet were fortunate enough to be born in the great state of Ohio.

A little tin box greatly frightened a number of New Yorkers. But what they thought to be dynamite proved to be chocolate.

It is a genial winter in New England. A Chesterfield (N. H.) man picked a bouquet of dandelions and pansies the other day.

There is one place in Chicago where health depends upon caution. It is a railroad crossing where 1,256 locomotives pass every 24 hours.

J. B. Holsinger lived through the Johnstown flood to strike a match over a keg of powder. Serious are his injuries, but he will get well.

Begging is a lucrative employment to the persons who has mastered its details. In New York some of the most active beggars make from \$10 to \$15 a day.

John Handley died in East Hilton, Me., a few days ago. Although 6 feet 7 1/2 inches in height and a color sergeant, he was not touched by a bullet through four years of war.

Farmer Holt of Epping, N. H., is 73 years of age, and so vain of his strength that he has staked \$100 that he can throw any man of his years and weight in New Hampshire.

A Swiss socialist, who advocates the equal distribution of all property, recently had \$5,000 left to him. He now holds that only property amounting to more than \$5,000 should be equally distributed.

George Dunnaway of Lebanon, Tenn., stands a fair chance of spending the remainder of his career indoors. He was sentenced the other day to two life terms in the penitentiary and also to two terms of eight and ten years each.

Sir Edwin Arnold is not lacking in a proper appreciation of his own talents. He says that after he had dictated to Lady Arnold the opening lines of "The Light of Asia," she said: "What is this?" He replied: "It is the beginning of a great poem."

What would Daniel Webster say of his alma mater if he were living now? Last Monday evening 100 Dartmouth students gathered in one of the college halls to witness the attempt of an upper classman to eat two pounds of butter in one hour and a half, said upper classman to received the gate money, and forfeit \$10 in case of failure.

Gen. Schofield says that in the event of a war with Chili 10,000 regulars could be sent to that country. But it would take 10 times that number for a successful invasion. Fighting a distant and warlike nation of several millions upon their own soil is no holiday task. There are about as many people in Chili as there were in the colonies at the opening of the revolution.

A Troy (Ala.) man thought he was making a great investment when he bought a trap for 25 cents. But he thought so only because he could not see into the future. It is true that at the end of a week he had caught 40 rats, but he had also caught a calf and a hen. The owner of the calf has sued him for damages and bids fair to win the case. The owner of the hen was to be the trapsetter's father-in-law, but has broken off his daughter's engagement.

Dr. Heller of Vienna has discovered that sauerkraut is a remedy for dyspepsia. He should now prescribe an Arctic voyage for phthisis.

The Happy Six, composed of friends of the late Frank Hart of Woodside, N. J., recently held a dance to defray his funeral expenses.

A schoolteacher in Vernon, Ct., has been informed that she must stop humming "Comrades" during school hours or seek another field of labor.

Animals know more than they are given credit for. A western horse recently recognized his old master after an absence of a year, and manifested emotion.

The little town of Greenfield, Saratoga county, N. Y., is famous for the suicidal proclivities of its citizens. Its twenty-fifth self-murder took place Sunday.

Mrs. Gaston of Providence, R. I., who was recently wedded to her seventh husband, is greatly outvalued by the "Princess Thorne" of Sitka, Alaska, who has survived fourteen spouses.

A Wyoming man advertises for a wife. He is easily suited. He says he is not particular about her age, looks or fortune. He says she needn't even be a good cook, as he is that himself.

A painter named Tesson of Cherbourg, France, has been selling his own pictures as the work of Millet and making considerable money. Great were the beauties the critics saw in them until the imposture was revealed.

A New Jersey man is the latest idol-breaker. He claims to have evidence that Washington and his army did not cross the Delaware in boats as is the popular impression, but on a raft made of logs.

The first map of the whole world will be exhibited at the World's fair. It is about four centuries old. The pope has decided to lend it. The New York Recorder says "it will dampen the enthusiasm of Chicago to find her name is not on it."

W. S. Wilson of Flint, Mich., has advertised for gossips to visit him at his office, so that he can impart some authentic information to them concerning his affairs. Since they will talk anyway, he wants them to tell things as they are.

Five years ago Peter Burkhart of Lancaster Pa., deserted his wife. A few days ago he thought what a nice thing it would be to return on Christmas day and effect a reconciliation. He started home, but was killed on the railroad within a few miles of his destination. Mrs. Burkhart refuses to bury the remains.

It is usually the mission of the rope to take life rather than save it. During a wind storm in Hoboken, N. J., the other day, a boy 7 years old was blown from the top of a four story building. In his descent he struck a clothes line which broke his fall and he only received a few bruises.

A few days ago a California house was moved eight miles by water. It was loaded on two barges and carried down San Diego bay. The house of Andrew Oleson of Marshalltown, Ia., was moved by air. It was thrown 100 feet and came to a full stop without the displacement of so much as a shingle.

Kate Taylor, a wealthy maiden lady of Greensburg, Pa., is the material out of which martyrs are made. The other night three masked men entered her house and, pointing a revolver at her head, ordered her to give up her money, or they would burn her feet to the bone. They prepared to carry their threat into execution, when Miss Taylor asked to be permitted to take off her stockings as she did not want them burned. Her captors so disconcerted her captors that they concluded not to torture her.

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# THE HERALD.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, '92.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

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## CHURCH DIRECTORY.

**Covenant Church.**—Rev. T. C. Sprunt, Pastor. Regular services at 11:00 a. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.  
**R. P. Church.**—Rev. J. F. Morton, pastor. Services at 11:00 a. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.  
**M. E. Church.**—Rev. G. L. Tufts, pastor. Preaching at 11:00 a. m.; Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.; class, 3:00 p. m.; Young People's meeting at 6:00 p. m.; prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:00.  
**U. P. Church.**—Rev. J. C. Warnock, pastor. Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.  
**A. M. E. Church.**—Rev. A. C. Spivey, pastor. Preaching at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; class every other Sabbath at 10:00 a. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.  
**Baptist Church.**—Rev. D. M. Turner, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.; Sabbath school at 2:30 o'clock p. m.; Prayer meeting Wednesday night.

## PROMOTING VEGETATION.

Effects of the Electric Light and the Electric Current on Plants.

A report on the effects of the electric light on plants comes from the agricultural experiment station of Cornell University, where studies have been made of the influence of the electric arc lamp upon greenhouse plants. Radishes were strongly attracted by the light, and all leaned at an angle of from 60 degrees to 45 degrees toward the lamp. The report says:

"There are a few points which are clear, the electric light promotes assimilation, it often hastens growth and maturity, it is capable of producing natural colors and colors in fruits, it often intensifies colors of flowers, and sometimes increases the production of flowers."

It is added that the experiments show that plants do not need periods of darkness for rest. "There is every reason, therefore, to suppose that the electric light can be profitably used in the growing of plants," and the further inference is that "if the electric light makes plants to assimilate during the night, and does not interfere with growth, it must produce plants of great size and marked precocity."

Experiments have been carried out in France, in Lot-et-Garonne, by M. Barat, upon the application of the electric current to the culture of potatoes, tomatoes and hemp. A row of hemp, subjected to the influence of electric current, produced a row of stalks 18 inches higher than those not electrified in the same time. A kilogramme (2.2 pounds) of potatoes planted in the path of the current produced 21 kilogrammes of very large and healthy tubers, while the un-electrified patch only gave 12½ kilogrammes of medium size.

The electrified tomatoes also became ripe some ten days before the others. A curious fact has been remarked by M. Barat in his experiments. If a quantity of manure is near the positive pole, the constituent parts of this manure are transported toward the negative pole, and their effects make themselves felt around a distance of some yards. This would seem to be a fresh proof of the opinion long advanced upon the part played by electricity in the growth of plants, an opinion also adopted by Mr. Spence, who has given some attention to these phenomena; this is, that the action of the electric current upon plants seems to consist in the more active dissolution of the organic principles existing in the soil which are thus brought within the reach of the roots.

## ANIMAL INSTINCT.

A Striking Instance of It in a Pair of Pigs.

My father one day bought two young pigs from a man who lived two or three miles distant on the opposite side of one of our great rivers, says a writer in Wide Awake. The pigs were caught, tied up in two sacks, and put into my father's wagon, which was then driven a long, roundabout way, in order to cross the river by a bridge at some distance. Not one step of the way did the pigs see, because, as I said, they were tied up in bags to prevent their jumping from the wagon.

Well, they were brought home and put into the piggery. But in the morning, when the hired man went to feed them, the pigs were gone. Search was made in every direction, and at last some one discovered pigs' tracks in the soft, wet sand by the river side. Could they have swum across? What! those little pigs swim across that great river? Impossible!

But after searching up and down the river-banks in vain, my father, who had read of many wonderful things having been done by what is called "animal instinct," harnessed his horses and drove the long, roundabout again, to the place where he had bought the pigs.

And there sure enough, they were, safe in the yard of their old home, where their former owner had found them when he got up in the morning. They had swum across the river and then gone straight to the place of their birth, regardless of bridges and roundabout roads. How did they know where to find it?

## ONLY A FEW LEFT.

The American Buffalo Has Become Nearly Extinct.

Colorado the Home of the Remaining Members of Countless Herds—Wanton Destruction of the Animals.

There are about fifty buffaloes still ranging wild in Colorado, says the Denver Republican. And yet one man, for whom frontier justice is waiting, recently killed five.

It has been so generally and frequently stated and published that the American buffalo and bison have become completely and thoroughly extinct that the general public has come to accept it as a fact and believe that the only specimens are those which have become domesticated and are carefully housed and cared for in the several zoological gardens and parks.

That there are few of them remaining on the plains is certainly true, but there are enough, with proper protection, to soon produce large herds. In this state, where once there were thousands of these animals, their number has been rapidly reduced by hunters, who have slain them simply for the momentary pleasure they have experienced in killing large game, until they now number less than fifty and are in four small herds. These are confined to the rougher and more sparsely populated districts, their habitations being a more effective protection to them than all the state game laws ever enacted by the general assembly.

So small had grown the number of these distinctively American animals that in 1889 the state legislature enacted a law providing a severe penalty for the killing of a single specimen before the year 1900, thus allowing a full ten years for them to propagate, but in spite of this enactment word was received but a short time ago that some one in the Kenosha range had shot five buffaloes. State Game Warden Land started at once to make a special and personal investigation of the case. While out he has also made an extensive visit through the state, and he has just returned with an interesting account. He is somewhat discouraged with many things connected with the enforcement of all the game laws, and predicts that unless something decisive is done, and that very soon, the buffalo will not be the only family wiped from the face of the earth. He reports a most terrible slaughter of all game during the last few months. He was asked in reference to the killing of buffaloes.

"There are now very few of them," he stated, "and these, in our feeble and crippled condition, we are endeavoring to protect. That five of them were killed recently is a fact, but I found that we could not convict the guilty if we brought him to trial. He admitted having killed five of them and boasted of the fact to his friends, but we could find no one, after a careful investigation, who would testify against him, and if he were arraigned he would, of course, say not guilty."

"I judge that we have now in the state something less than fifty buffaloes, and these are in four bunches. One of these has recently been seen in Middle park, and numbers but five. Another, and possibly the largest, is in the Kenosha range, and numbers possibly twenty. The third, of ten or fifteen head, is at Hahn's peak, in Routt county. The fourth, and the smallest except that at Middle park, is at Dolores."

## An Underground Lake.

An underground lake has been discovered three miles from Genesee, Idaho. It was found by a well-digger. At a depth of sixteen feet clear, pure lake water ran out over the surface for a time, then settled back to the earth's level. The most curious part of it, says the Boise Statesman, is that fish were brought to the surface on the overflow. "They have a peculiar appearance and are sightless, indicating that they are underground fish. The spring has attracted much attention and many farmers in the vicinity fear that their farms will drop into the lake."

## A Girl-Queen's Farm.

The youthful queen of H-I-land, who is only ten years old, has a little farm near the royal castle at Het Loo, where she is sole mistress. There is a pretty furnished drawing-room there for the lady of the house and her numerous children, the dolls, and a kitchen where the little queen learns to make tarts. The child has her own poultry to feed, and her own garden, where everything has been planted and cultivated by her small royal hand. She trims her roses herself, and the flowers in her mother's apartments are always gathered and arranged by her.

## Paper Boats in the Navy.

The navy department is about to begin the experimental use of paper boats, and for this purpose a paper whale-boat gig has been purchased, and will be put aboard the next vessel fitted out at the New York navy yard. This boat effects a saving in weight of about fifty per cent. over the ordinary wooden boat of the same pattern, and it is said to be equal to the heavier wooden boat in every respect. The cost is about the same. "Some experiments have already been made which show that the boat can be submerged for an indefinite length of time without the material becoming water-soaked or otherwise deteriorating."

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Xenia, Mo. 2:00 PM

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Springfield, Mo. 3:00 PM

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Springfield, Mo. 3:30 PM

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Springfield, Mo. 4:15 PM

Yellow Springs, Mo. 4:30 PM

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Yellow Springs, Mo. 7:00 PM

Springfield, Mo. 7:15 PM

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Springfield, Mo. 8:00 PM



# The Cedarville Herald.

W. H. BLAIR, Publisher.

CEDARVILLE, OHIO.

## HEARTSEASE.

Thou whose place on earth is lowly,  
Sickest thou for true heart's ease?"  
Alms unasked, love most holy—  
Ask for these.

Hope grows weary of aspiring;  
When the glow of youth is gone,  
We may lose our fond dreaming,  
And live on.

Joys wherein our hearts delighted  
May be gained at bitter cost;  
Treasures rare, and duly slighted,  
Have been lost.

Then we cry with sad complaining  
For the joys that youth can give,  
Let us learn, ere life is waning,  
How to live—

How to use the gifts God sendeth  
Well, and worthy of His trust;  
Keeping talents that He lendeth  
Free from rust.

Hoping all things, and believing  
Trueth we need to understand,  
Good and ill alike receiving  
From God's hand.

—Once a Week.



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## CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

They went upstairs and found all secure. It was an hour, late in the evening, when the house was unusually deserted. All the doors of the chambers were fastened; even that of number six was securely locked, and when the room was entered not a thing was out of place.

Even the policeman was fain to confess that he thought it one of the numerous scares he knew too well hysterical women were apt to indulge in, and went his way with a grin.

Isaac Evesham was properly exasperated.

"You will find yourself in a lunatic asylum if you go on in this way much longer, Esther," he said, grimly.

"I have, indeed, my share of trouble," the widow pleaded, wearily.

"You mean you make your share of trouble and other people's shares, too."

The widow's eyes flashed indignantly. "Isaac," she said, "in God's name, go and leave me to myself. I do not want your help. I never asked it. Forget that your brother ever had a wife and children."

"I wish to heaven I could," was the blunt reply.

## CHAPTER IV.

If it is true that whom God loveth, He chasteneth, Mrs. Evesham must have been particularly favored by Providence, for the ill tide of adversity swept in upon her with resistless force, overwhelming her with such a flood of reverses that even her brave spirit nearly sank in the waters of despair.

That croaking brother-in-law of hers had foretold her speedy downfall, and his ominous prophecies seemed in a fair way of fulfillment. True, the world in general had forgotten the mystery of her unhappy lodger's untimely death; but to her little world—the few upon whom she was dependent—the event had brought a sad reaction. One after another of her lodgers left her, and none came to fill their places. There was a gloom over the house she found it impossible to dispel. It was the old story—money borrowed at a ruinous interest on her furniture, a foreclosed mortgage, and she found herself adrift and homeless, with four children dependent on her for their daily bread. Not for one moment did she pause to consider that one of these little ones had no claim on her efforts. Wanda Arlington was as dear to her as one of her own loved ones, and she would have scorned the thought of shifting from her shoulders the responsibility of her care.

Nor was she one to sit down with folded hands and bewail her misfortune. For ten weary years she toiled as a dressmaker, working by the day for rich ladies, who, charmed by her gentle manners and exquisite taste, paid her higher wages than usually fall to the lot of women so unhappily circumstanced. Thus with heroic effort she was enabled to clothe, feed and educate her children till they in turn grew in stature and became breadwinners.

Then a glimpse of sunshine glowed through the darkened clouds. It was at the close of the terrible war of the rebellion. Society was revolutionized. Thousands had sunk in poverty; hundreds had grown suddenly rich. Prominent among the latter was a young married woman named Alice Potter, of Michigan, who chanced to be visiting New York, and, having engaged Mrs. Evesham's services, had in her own generous, impulsive way formed a deep affection for the gentle seamstress.

"My dear creature," she said one day to the widow, when they had succeeded in designing a costume more than usually attractive, "why don't you make a strike for something better? Come to Michigan and start a store. I'll help you."

The suggestion took the widow's breath. Michigan! Even in the 60's Michigan seemed an Ultima Thule to a New Yorker.

"It would cost so much, Mrs. Potter," she sighed. "And the risk would be so great."

"As for the expense of getting there," the impetuous young matron declared, "I will see to that. You see, dear, my cousin Jack is auditor of a railroad, and he shall get you all passes, or I'll know the reason why."

"But I have so little in hand to start with," the widow pleaded.

"All the better for you; you will have the less to lose."

"But, if I failed?"

"Failed! Fiddle-dee! You shan't fail. Come with me to Glastonbury. What, never heard of Glastonbury? Well, the ignorance of you Knickerbockers is something shameful."

"Is it a village in Michigan?"

"A village! Bless your innocence, Glastonbury is a big, thriving lumber city on the banks of the loveliest river you ever saw. We haven't many brownstone fronts there, I confess, but we're new and rich, and our women know a stylish dress when they see it, as I hope some day you will learn to your profit."

"But the store?"

"Oh, we'll fix that. My husband isn't half a bad fellow when you know him, and he'll pull you through. You can get a few things on credit if you are too proud to borrow. It is all as easy as preaching—say, may I speak to him this very afternoon?"

"If you will, but—"

"But me no buts, my dear. I'm wild to carry out my projects."

## CHAPTER V.

### ONLY A SISTER'S LOVE.

One summer's day, fifteen years after Ambrose Arlington's sudden death in the lodging-house, a couple of young people, fair to look upon, sat on a rustic seat under a tall elm on the bank of a lovely river—a young man and a girl just blossoming into the maturity of womanhood.

The maiden was fair as the creation of a poet's dream; the man stalwart, strong and nobly featured, but though you never would have guessed it, looking at his big, brown eyes, blind from his childhood.

The river which flows at their feet is the St. Clair, the deepest, broadest, clearest stream in Michigan—I had nearly said in the world.

Yonder thriving town is the new city of Glastonbury, and the dusky cloud, which blurs the landscape ten miles away, is the smoke from the chimneys of the village of Ilavana.

The young folks sit in quiet converse, evidently enjoying the delicious breeze, which comes from the broad river to fan their cheeks.

There approaches and passes them a buckboard wagon, drawn by a pair of ponies which, poor beasts, though they tug with heads bent low, hardly accomplish the barest apology for motion. Not that the load is heavy—simply two men, who sit upon the low seat of the vehicle with knees high up, on which they rest their elbows; as they gaze wearily at the efforts of the horses, sinking at every step deeper into the yielding sand.

These men have no appreciation of the beauty of the landscape, no ear for the melody of blackbird or oriole, no delight in the flower-laden wind which wafts its grateful incense over them.

One of them is about fifty years of age, dressed in the garb of a western farmer, with a face so hard and expressionless that it might have been carved out of a block of wood; the other, a young man more sprucely attired, with hair as black as jet, glossy and curly, eyes large and eloquent, complexion swarthy—altogether a figure characteristic of his race, which came a century ago from the sunny south of France to settle in this region. He possesses some education, too, having graduated at the new college whose spires you can see peeping over the pines.

For two hours these men had sat in silence, but as they descended the hill, after passing the elm tree, with a jerk of his whip towards the two young people, the elder spoke:

"One of Widdler Evesham's angels that blind feller as stays at Gorham's, eh, 'Phonse?"

"No, Jim, she isn't one of the widow's daughters, that one; her name is Arlington."

"Arlington?"

"Aye, Mrs. Evesham found her, a little baby, on her doorstep one morning when she was living in New York and adopted her."

"I want ter know! Well, her is at uncommon pretty gal. Wish I'd taken a good look at her, for Squire Robinson, moderator of our school, told me that he'd engaged a lass o' that name ter teach nex' term, an' I'll bet a doughtnut her's the identical one. Might board to our house, too—shouldn't wonder."

"Ha!" the young man ejaculated with some energy. "Do you really mean it? Say, Jim Dolman, you couldn't accommodate me too, in case she did, could you?"

Mr. Dolman's wooden countenance almost screwed itself into an expression as he replied with a chuckle:

"Oh, that's the way the wind blows, is it? But, 'Phonse lad, I should a thought you'd a looked higher nor a faddling—a orphan, reared on the charity of a dressmaker—you with a good business in Glastonbury an' a half section o' farm'n' land in Ilavana."

"Well," was the satisfied response, "that is just why I can afford to make a fool of myself."

"An' what's her first name?" the old man continued. "I disremember what the squire told me."

"Wanda—Wanda Arlington."

"Wanda! Sakes alive, what a strowary name to give a 'Christian female! But folks do go now to the dime novel rather than the Bible to name their children. But, about Widdler Evesham—ain't she got two darters o' her own?"

"That she has—one of them is married to a cousin of Bill Potter's in Detroit; then there's Kate, who teaches in the Glastonbury schools, and is the prettiest girl in the county next to Wanda Arlington."

"Then there's a son, too—leastways I caught sight of a tall, straight young feller one day at her house."

"Aye, he's in New York making his fortune."

"Then who be the blind young chap, as is often with the Arlingtons?"

"His name is George Arundel," Alphonse Dannoels said with a savage scowl. "He came from the east about a year ago—for the good of his health, they say—but, if he fools around that young woman much more, it would have been better for his health to have stopped away."

Mr. Dolman turned his fishy eyes on the speaker and asked:

"How so, 'Phonse?"

"Never you mind," was the sullen response, as the wagon took them round the bend of the road.

Let us now turn to the two young people sitting under the trees.

It is George Arundel who is speaking:

"Now, Wanda, tell me what the fishermen are doing? I long to hear the sweep of their oars, as they pay off the lines of their net, and hear them sing the merry French chanson to the time of their rowing. And, have the Indian squaws reached the island in their dug-out, or has the stream carried them too far below?"

Soft and musical was the voice that replied:

"The fishermen are nearly ready to start. The squaws are just beaching their canoe, and some little lads are running along the shore to meet them, with a dog barking at their heels. But, oh, George, such a lovely sailboat has just come round the bend of the river; you can almost see her keel as she flies like a bird over the water."

"How you love the river, Wanda!"

"Yes, to me it is a thing of perpetual beauty, changing the expression of its loveliness with every cloud that floats over it."

"Tell me what you see now—just where you are sitting, without moving your head," he asked eagerly, turning his sightless eyes upon her—dark eyes,

fringed with long lashes. You could not tell that he was blind, if you did not notice the changeless fixity of his gaze.

"I see," said the girl, obediently, "the broad river stretching like a lake of liquid silver for miles and miles, green as emerald where the shadow of the island falls on it. There are white caps on the waves, which glitter like snow tossed in sunshine. A low woodland lies on the other shore, dotted with white cottages; a woman is hanging out clothes in front of one of the little houses, while her children are paddling in the water."

"And the man in the boat?"

"He is there yet, fishing. He has just hooked a pickerel nearly a yard long. Now he has got it into the boat."

"I see it all!" the young man cried, enthusiastically. "I see it all, Wanda, with your eyes!"

"I am glad to be so useful to you, George," the girl replied, with a look of ineffable tenderness.

"And, when you are gone, all will be dark again. How selfishly happy I have been in your society!"

"Hush!" she said. "You must not speak like this. You will have Kate and—"

"But Kate is not Wanda!"

There was a world of meaning in his words, and the girl's eyes filled with tears she could not repress.

"It seems but the other day," he continued, fretfully, "that good old Bladen brought me to Glastonbury. The physician had said that change of scene would do me good—fancy change of scene for a blind man, Wanda—and I cared not where I went, for all places were the same to me. But the smell of the pines was pleasant, and I felt the presence of the river. Little did I think that there was in store for me such a year of happiness as I have enjoyed. What a lucky day it was for me when Harry Evesham found me blundering along in my poor, helpless way right in front of a runaway horse and took me to his home. Then how generously Mrs. Evesham received me into her

family circle, and—I met you, Wanda!"

"Yes, yes!" the girl said, hurriedly; but he could not see the quivering of her lip nor the deep crimson of her blush. "Alone as you were in the world, it must have been a pleasant experience for you."

"Ah, you may well say so. I never knew how sweet a one till now. But let us not waste words, Wanda, for this may be the last chance I may enjoy for months of speaking with you alone. You and I are similarly situated—waifs and strays in the world."

Then he added with a sad smile: "You have given me the priceless blessing of a sister's love—alas, with my affection, I dare not ask for more."

"A sister's love I give you freely."

Then her face lit up with a smile as she said: "You promised to tell me about yourself, George. Now, be a good boy and gratify my curiosity."

"Well, sister mine," he said, "I will give you my autobiography. I cannot say in the orthodox manner of storytellers that I was 'born of poor but respectable parents,' for I am afraid mine were unromantically well to do. The early past is veiled in much obscurity. I have a dim recollection of a happy home across the seas—of a time when I could see all the beautiful things on earth—of a long illness which left me in total darkness—of a frantic father hurrying me away from the place of my birth—of long years of restless travel—and—that is all, Wanda."

"But, your father?"

"Ah, he was the dearest, kindest man who ever breathed the breath of life."

"Did he never speak to you of your childhood?"

"Never—on the contrary he forbade any allusion to it. For years he hurried me from place to place with restless persistence, always accompanied by old William Bladen, who seemed to be more a trusted friend than servant to him."

"What object could he have in leading such a nomadic life?"

"That is more than I can tell you. As I got older I fancied he was flying from some terrible trouble—he seemed in such constant dread of recognition or pursuit."

"How strange!"

"Was it not? Well, the climax came at last. Just a year ago we reached Chicago from the far west. I was tired with travel, and my dear father was anxious about my health, for no woman could have been tenderer in her solicitude than he was of me. One day we were walking down State street, he, in gay mood than usual, describing to me the stores and the sights. Suddenly I felt his grasp tighten on my arm and a thrill of emotion shake his frame—you see we blind are very sensitive. Wanda—then, a groan escaped his lips, I knew he was suffering from some great shock. 'Father, what is it?' I said. Then I heard a woman's voice quite close to us. 'So, we meet at last, Arthur Arundel,' it cried in a clear, musical tone, which nevertheless had a ring of anger in it, but which my quick perception recognized as the voice of a cultured woman. The next instant my poor father fell prone on the pavement; a crowd gathered; and he was carried to the hotel where he died in less than an hour."

"Without recovering consciousness?"

Wanda asked, her eyes moist with tears of sympathy.

"Not quite so bad as that. He managed to say a few words to me before he died. 'My son,' he said, 'I am going where the wicked cease from troubling; but you will be left to be a shaft for their evil machinations. I cannot even put you on your guard against them. Trust implicitly in Bladen. It lies in my power to give you great wealth and high station, but the risk of acquisition would be ruinous to your peace of mind, and I bequeath you sufficient for all your needs—a hundred thousand dollars is deposited to your credit in the First National Bank to New York.' Then he relapsed into a state of coma, only reviving for a moment to whisper in my ear: 'If ever you meet Wanda, tell her that her secret lies buried with me. It may allay her bitterness.'"

"Wanda!" the girl cried. "How strange! Why, I am Wanda."

"But not the Wanda he meant. His Wanda I fancy was some cruel enemy, perhaps the very woman whose presence caused his death. Oh, if my poor father could only have seen my Wanda!"

"Do you think he would have loved me, George?"

"Who could be with you and not love you, child?"

## CHAPTER VI.

### BLADEN PLAYS MENTOR.

All the residential houses of Glastonbury were of the same monotonous pattern, shipped as though the builders had placed one big dry goods box endways towards the street, and then added an afterthought another, at right angles to the rear, making a T. Add to this a plain porch, in some instances a stoop, and crown the whole with a low, sloping shingle-roof, paint the building white with green shutters, and you have the typical picture of a Glastonbury homestead. Of course, it was a wooden city, with not a single brick edifice in it to relieve the eye, except the courthouse, and that was, if possible, more angular and gauche than its humbler neighbors.

## [TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Embroidered Hamorist.

Teacher—Jimmie, what is the chief product of the Malay peninsula?

Jimmie—Malayria.—Harper's Bazar



Full of trouble

—the ordinary pill. Trouble when you take it, and trouble when you've got it down. Plenty of unpleasantness, but mighty little good.

With Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, there's no trouble. They're made to prevent it. They're the original little Liver Pills, tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, the smallest, easiest and best to take. They cleanse and regulate the whole system, in a natural and easy way—mildly and gently, but thoroughly and effectively. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are prevented, relieved and cured.

They're the cheapest pill you can buy, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You pay only for the value received. Can you ask more?

# "German Syrup"

"We are six in fam-

ily. We live in a

place where we are

subject to violent

Colds and Lung

Troubles. I have

used German Syrup for six years

successfully for Sore Throat, Cough,

Cold, Hoarseness, Pains in the

Chest and Lungs, and spitting-up

of Blood. I have tried many different

kinds of cough Syrups in my

time, but let me say to anyone want-

ing such a medicine—German Syrup

is the best. That has been my ex-

perience. If you use it once, you

will go back to it whenever you

need it. It gives total relief and is

a quick cure. My advice to every-

one suffering with Lung Troubles is

—Try it. You will soon be con-

vinced. In all the families where

your German Syrup

is used we have no

trouble with the

Lungs at all. It is

the medicine for this

country.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'r, Woodbury, N.J.

Many a life has been lost

because of the taste of cod-

liver oil.

If Scott's Emulsion did

nothing more than take that

taste away, it would save the

lives of some at least of those

that put off too long the

means of recovery.

It does more. It is half-

digested already. It slips

through the stomach as if by

stealth. It goes to make

strength when cod-liver oil

would be a burden.

Scott & Bowne, Chemists, 13 South 5th Avenue,

New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver

oil—all druggists everywhere do. \$1.

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA

LABELLED 1-2 LB. TINS ONLY.

SALVATION

OIL

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup coughs for 25c.

ASTHMA CURED

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup coughs for 25c.

WE'LL

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## WE'LL POP SOME CORN.

How the north wind whistles  
Down the valley white!  
John, go get the popper;  
We'll pop some corn to-night.  
The coals are all glowing,  
Flame cheeks flush in the light,  
John, go get the popper;  
We'll pop some corn to-night.

It's just the night for laughter,  
It's just the night for fun;  
We will outdo old Boreas,  
For we are five to one.  
Come, Bess, help with the shelling,  
Nell, get a basin bright,  
And John, come, shake the popper;  
We'll pop some corn to-night.

The giddy corn is dancing  
And jumping all about;  
Be careful, John, be careful,  
Or it will all hop out.  
And burn to crisp unless you  
Shake with all your might;  
So shake the popper lively,  
While we pop the corn to-night.

—Percy E. Darrow, in Good Housekeeping.

## RACING WITH A TIGER.

### A Bicyclist's Desperate Ride for Life in India.

I was always very fond of bicycling, and, from the time when I was a small boy, and labored for hours with a bone-shaker, to the days when I became the proud possessor of one of the first bicycles ever manufactured, I revelled in the enchanting pastime, spending hours which should have been otherwise occupied on the back of my iron horse, thus putting my physical powers a long way ahead of my mental. In fact, I hated the sight of a book, and was never happy unless scouring the country on my bicycle. My father was a doctor in a little Kentish village, and, having a large family, he was thankful indeed when, at the age of nineteen, a commission was obtained for me by a wealthy friend in a regiment about to sail for India.

A grand new bicycle was my father's parting present to me, and great was my delight at finding that another young "sub" in my regiment was also a bicyclist. In these days when the "iron wheel" has so many votaries this may seem nothing strange, but to realize my surprise and pleasure you must remember that a bicycle was then a comparative curiosity and a bicyclist a person to be stared at and admired or otherwise. Our bicycles were, I believe, the first ever seen in India, and as we rode together into town some days after our arrival one would have thought it was the triumphal entry of some eastern potentate.

I could fill a book with the curious incidents and accidents which befell us in going "up country." Our regiment was always on the move, and panics of one kind or other were very frequent on our bicycling excursions.

One evening after mess Fred and I drew up and signed natives to ride a ten-mile race.

There was a grand native road within a short distance of our camp running away for ten miles as flat as a drawing board. It lay through the open plain, and then a deserted track was reached, becoming wilder as the road proceeded, and finally swallowing it up in an impenetrable jungle. Bent had found a circular path around some native huts a short way from the station, measuring about six laps to the mile, and there he prepared himself for the coming struggle.

After a week of such training as would make a modern athlete's hair stand on end—meat almost raw, chopped very finely; little drinks of neat brandy, etc.—we considered ourselves fit for the contest; and the adventure I am about to relate occurred the evening before the eventful day. I was just starting for a last ride over my favorite course, when an officer stopped me and said:

"Have you heard of the tiger, Harry?"

"No," I answered.

"The natives have just brought word that a large tiger is marked down in the jungle about ten miles from here; so don't go too far this evening."

"All right," I laughed. "I think a tiger would find it a difficult matter to catch me—my training would tell on him."

I had not seen any large wild beasts as yet, and my notion of a tiger was a thin, spiky-looking animal, as I had once seen in a traveling menagerie. Away I rode, my comrade's caution forgotten, before I had gone a mile.

I started at a good pace, but not racing as I intended to do all I knew coming home. In about an hour I reached my usual halting-place, ten miles from the camp; but this being the last night of my training, I made up my mind to ride another couple of miles, and then do the whole distance back at my best pace.

I rode on, and in another ten minutes found myself in the jungle.

Now for the race home. Dismounting, I oiled my machine, tightened up every screw, and then sat down on a boulder to rest and enjoy the prospect. A beautiful scene it was, too!

Above me rose the grand mountains, their snowy tops blushing crimson in the setting sun, here a waterfall, like a thread of gold and silver, washing down the mountain side, and twining in and out among the masses of trees and rocks; there a glimpse of fairland through a jungle vista.

A post, or "tank," as they are called, surrounded by dense foliage, festooned by parasitical climbing plants, glowing with flowers of every imaginable hue; humming birds, like fiery

gems, flashed hither and thither, darting in and out among the trees. On the "tank" floated water fowl of every kind, and the banks were alive with gorgeous birds, their plumage rivaling the flowers in brilliancy and variety of coloring. But now the shadows were deepening, the crimson on the mountain tops had disappeared, and cold snow began to look gray and ghostly. A flying fox went rustling past me, and I hastily prepared to mount; for there is scarcely any twilight in India, and I knew it would soon be dark.

As I rose my eye encountered something which made me start and nearly drop my bicycle.

There, not forty yards off, was a tiger. I knew the animal well enough; but how different he looked from the lean, half-starved little beast I had seen at home. He had just come into the open space from a dense jungle-break, and sat there washing his face and purring in a contented sort of way, like a huge cat.

Was I frightened? Not an atom; I had my bicycle and a start of forty yards, so if I could not beat him it was a pity.

He had not seen me yet, and I stood for another minute admiring the handsome creature and then quietly mounted (the tiger was directly on my right, while the road stretched straight away in front of me). The noise I made roused him; he looked up, and then, after deliberately stretching himself, came leaping with long, graceful bounds over the rank grass and rocks which separated him from the road. He did not seem a bit angry, but evidently wished to get a nearer view of such an extraordinary object.

Forty yards, however, I thought was quite near enough for safety. The tiger was in the road behind me now; so I pulled myself together and began to quicken my pace.

Would he stop disgusted after the first hundred yards, and give up the chase, or would he stick to it? I quite hoped he would follow me, and already pictured in my mind the graphic description I would write home of my race with a tiger.

Little did I think what a terrible race it was going to be. I looked behind me. By Jove! he was "sticking to it." I could not judge the distance; but at any rate I was no further from him than when we started. Now for a spur! I rode the next half mile as hard as I could, but on again looking round found I had not gained a yard.

The tiger was on my track, moving with a long, swinging trot, and going quite as quickly as I was.

For the first time I began to feel anxious and thought uneasily of the ten long miles which separated me from safety.

However, it was no good thinking now; it was my muscle and iron steed against the brute. I could only do my best and trust in Providence.

Now there was no doubt about the tiger's intention; his blood was up, and on he came, occasionally giving vent to a roar which made the ground tremble. Another mile had been traversed and the tiger was slowly but surely closing up.

I dashed my punch to the ground, hoping it would stop him for a few seconds; but he kept steadily on, and I felt it was then grim earnest.

I calculated we must be about seven miles from camp now, and before I could ride another four my pursuer, I knew, must reach me. Oh, the agony of those minutes, which seemed to me like long hours.

Another mile passed, then another. I could hear him behind me now—pad, pad, pad, quicker and quicker, louder and louder. I turned in my saddle for a moment, and saw there were not twenty yards separating us! How enormous the brute looked, and how terrible! His huge tongue hung out, and the only sound he made was a continued hoarse growl of rage, while his eyes seemed to literally flash fire.

It was like some awful nightmare, and with a shudder I bent down over the handles and flew on.

As I now sat quietly in my chair writing, I find it hard to analyze the crowd of memories that went crashing through my brain during that fearful ride. I saw long-forgotten events in which I had taken part rise up distinctly before me; and while every muscle was racked with my terrible exertion, my mind was clear, and my life seemed to pass before me like one long panorama.

On, on, on; the slightest slip, I knew, would be fatal; a sudden jolt, a screw giving, and I should be hurled to instant death.

Human strength would not stand much more; the prolonged strain had told upon me, and I felt it would soon be over. My breath came in thick sobs, a mist gathered before my eyes—I was stopping; my legs refused to move, and a thousand fiends seemed to be flitting about me, holding me back, back; a weight like lead was on my chest; I was choking; I was dying.

Then a few moments, which seemed a lifetime, and then—crash—with a roar like thunder the tiger was on me, and I was crushed to the ground.

Then I heard shots fired, a babel of men's voices, and all was blank.

After many days of unconsciousness and raging fever reason gradually returned and I learned the particulars of my deliverance.

A party of officers had started with a shikaree (or native hunter) to a trap which had been prepared for the tiger. A goat was tethered on the outskirts of

the jungle, and the sportsmen had started to take up positions in the trees near to wait for their game, which the beat of the goat, in the stillness of the night, would speedily have attracted.

They were talking of our coming bicycle race as they went along, and expected every moment to meet me on my return journey. As they passed a clump of bushes I came in sight, about a quarter of a mile in front of them, whirling along in a cloud of dust which hid my terrible pursuer. They soon, however, saw my awful danger.

The huge brute, mad with rage, hurled itself upon me just as we reached them. My friends stood almost petrified with terror and did not dare to fire; but the shikaree, a man of iron nerve, and accustomed to face sudden danger of all kinds in the hunting field, sprang quickly to within a yard of the tiger, and, putting his rifle almost to the animal's ear, fired twice and blew its brains out, just in time to save my life. I was drawn from the palpitating body of my dead enemy, everyone present believing it was all up with me.

Making a litter of boughs they carried me into the camp, where I lay for many weeks lingering between life and death. —Chicago Journal.

## THE TYROLER.

A People That Has Not Been Caught by the Progressive Spirit of the Age.

Slow and almost imperceptible is the general progress of civilization, verifying the saying that "a Tyroler first knows what he is about when he is forty." He is active in his fields, plowing, mowing, sowing, hoeing, reaping and slinging his meadows with the bounteous, never-failing waters from the hills. There, however, his activity ceases; all the rest is a charming stagnation, for he does not much hoe or plow the soil of his intellect, so it remains fallow ground. He seems to have neither mundane ideas nor views, and one is apt to doubt whether he thinks at all, but simply moves on mechanically in the old grooves.

He plows with the same rude wooden plow, uses a harrow with wooden teeth, thrashes by hand instead of by machinery, and as to steam—it may, employed by railroad companies, invade the chief arteries of the land, but not his barn. He sows and plants by hand. You may assure him that drills would save half his seed corn and three times his labor. He listens admiringly, but he sows by hand—all the same.

Drills, scufflers, mowing or reaping machines are left to the more go-ahead nations who live, he says, on flat lands. He mows and reaps as his father did, and who, he supposes, knew what he was about. His rotary crops are precisely the same as his great-grandfather used and sowed. Rye, the chief crop, a little wheat, a good deal of buckwheat, grown in England only for the pheasants, poppies—not for opium, but for their seed as a condiment to Tyrolean pastry—and a plot of maize. These figure as the indispensable growths. His bread he seasons with his beloved kummel—that is, cumminseed—which he gathers out of his meadows before his hay is cut. He eats the same dishes as his progenitors did a thousand years ago. —Good Words.

## A Rat's Queer Trick.

Some time ago a druggist of Putnam, Conn., threw a lot of empty bottles into the back yard of his store and recently, while he was strolling there, he heard one bottle clinking against the rest in a peculiar way. The bottle rolled about as if it were bewitched.

The druggist picked up the locomotive bottle and was astonished to see a rat galloping inside it. He was a big gray fellow, while the bottle nozzle was scarcely big enough to let a man thrust his finger into it. The rat's body is more than three times larger than the orifice and the mystery is how did the rat get in the bottle. The druggist placed the imprisoned rat on the counter in his store and scores of people inspect it daily. It is the conjecture of a scientific Putnam citizen, who is familiar with the habits of rats, that it crawled in the bottle when young, and since it is known that rats help each other in tribulation, that the animal's mother has visited the bottle daily and contrived to thrust food into it. The rat appears to be in excellent health and apparently is happy and contented. —San Francisco Chronicle.

## Scarecrows.

Scarecrows are a misnomer, for they don't scare crows. A dead crow hung up by the feet will scare some crows—no doubt females, of a superstitious turn of mind—but it won't keep off the cunning agnostics among them. A farmer once had a shepherd dog who, at the command to go down and keep the crows out of the corn field, would take charge of the field and keep out every bird of them effectually. Dogs, especially collies, might be trained easily to perform this duty; though occasionally, no doubt, the crows would divide their forces and give the dog more work than he could do. Few of our farmers, by the way, realize the amount of help in their work that they can get out of a good dog. —Boston Transcript.

Lived in Boston, of Course. —Hicks —"They tell me that Brown's wife is quite literary." Wicks—"Decidedly. She's writing letters from morning to night, and when she buys a new article of furniture she makes sure that it corresponds with everything else in the house." —Boston Transcript.

## TEMPERANCE NOTES.

### ALCOHOL AND MORALS.

A Habit That Never Adds Anything to Character.

Dr. T. L. Wright, in considering the influence of alcohol on the moral constitution of man, remarks:

"The influence of alcohol on morals is immediate. It is perceptible to observation quickly after alcohol is taken into the system; but it varies greatly, both in kind and intensity, with the stage of drinking.

"In general terms it may be said that no instance has been recorded where the influence of alcohol upon a good man, when carried to its full extent, has failed to taint his moral nature. Nor has any instance ever been known of a character so base, so bestial and inhuman, that alcohol could not sink it still lower. It seems, in fact, true, as far as the world's experience extends, that the depth of depravity into which alcohol may plunge the human soul has never yet been sounded. In its position as a wrecker of good morals, alcohol stands 'proudly eminent.' Few things are so bad as to have no good in them; but, aside from certain properties available in therapeutics, alcohol seems in its impressions on the human organism to be singularly bad. In all its long and dreary history it has never been known to add anything whatever to a man's real character for piety, or sympathy, or love to his family, or kindness to his fellow-man.

"Alcohol deadens the conscience of anyone who partakes of it, let his motives in drinking be what they may. The casual drinker often partakes of alcohol without any clearly defined intent of committing an unlawful act. Yet the poison affects him as it does others; it paralyzes his conscience, the acuteness of his sensibilities is blunted, and he is peculiarly liable to be led into improper and unlawful conduct. The drinker is deprived of intellectual soundness as well as of moral capacity; and yet the law says: 'Drunkenness is no excuse for crime.'

"Shakespeare knew the deadly spell that alcohol casts on morality:

"If I can fasten but one cup upon him  
With that which he has drunk to-night at  
ready.

He'll be as full of quarrel and offense  
As my young mistress' dog."

"It appears to be a potential quality of drunkenness to depress the moral capacities and thus foster the assaults of temptation, whether it comes in the guise of folly or of criminality. The corruption of the moral system may be observed in the small vices of drunkenness as well as in the surprising turpitude of its conspicuous outrages. The crimes of drunkenness are not commonly the outcome of premeditation and brooding malevolence. The natural defense against their exhibition and activity, the nervous basis of the moral constitution, is disabled. While this nerve defect in drunkenness may to some extent be inconsistent with premeditation and malice in the commission of crime, yet the very defect is the more dangerous to society from the fact that it is withdrawn from the supervision of the rational mind.

"A person intoxicated will commit offenses in thought, in speech and in conduct which in his sober moods he would view with abhorrence. The tendency of drunkenness is inevitably towards crime." —Demorest's Magazine.

### THE ACTION OF ALCOHOL.

First Comes Exaltation Then Dullness and Despair.

Although the effects of alcohol are familiar, it is well to recall them when we would measure the strength of the tendency of excessive indulgence to become a habit. The action of this stimulant on the average human being is first to fill him with a serene and delightful self-complacency. His feelings and his faculties are for the moment exalted into a state of great activity and buoyancy, so that his language becomes enthusiastic and his conversation vivacious if not brilliant. Gradually, however, if the indulgence be continued, the senses become dulled, a soft humming seems to fill the pauses of the conversation and to modify the tones of the speaker, a filmy haze obscures the vision, the head seems lighter than usual, and the equilibrium is disturbed. By and by objects appear double, or flit confusedly before the eyes; the exercise of judgment is suspended; the power of reticence is annihilated, and the victim of drink throws forth all that is within him in unrestrained communicativeness; he becomes boisterous, ridiculous, and sinks at length into a mere animal. Every person and everything around him, the houses, trees, even the earth itself, seem drunken and unstable, while in his own eyes he alone seems sober, till at last the final stage is reached, and he falls on the ground insensible—dead drunk, as it is called—an apoplectic state from which, after profound slumber, he at last emerges exhausted, feverish, sick and giddy, with ringing ears and a violent headache.

It has been discovered that the toxic action of alcohol in large doses primarily affects the cerebro lobes, after which the other parts of the cerebro-spinal system are consecutively involved, till in the stage of dead drunkenness the only parts not invaded by the benumbing paralysis are those automatic centers in the medulla oblongata, which regulate and maintain the circulation and respiration. Even

these centers are not wholly unaffected; the paralysis of these, as of the other sections of the cerebro-spinal system, varies in its incompleteness and at times becomes complete, the coma of drunkenness terminating in death. More usually the intoxicant is gradually eliminated and the individual is restored to consciousness—a consciousness disturbed, however, by the secondary results of the agent he has abused. In every case the stomach suffers directly or indirectly through the nervous system. Nutrition, consequently, is interfered with by the defective ingestion of food as well as by the mal-assimilation of that which is ingested. To this cause, as well as to the peculiar local action of the poison, are due the various organic degenerations which, in most instances, shorten the drunkard's days.—Once a Week.

### RUM IN SWITZERLAND.

Efforts of the Government to Mitigate the Drink Evil.

It is always interesting to note the progress of experiments in mitigation of the drink evil. The lamentable results following the unrestricted traffic in intoxicating drinks are acknowledged by all, and there is hardly a government in the civilized world which has not attempted by some means to remedy or mitigate them. In 1887 temperance in Switzerland had reached the magnitude of a national evil, and the government had created a monopoly of the liquor business with a view to its mitigation.

The results of this action are now for the first time given publicly in an official report to the British government by her majesty's consul at Switzerland. Three things were aimed at by the Swiss federal legislation of 1887. The first, to provide additional revenue for the Swiss government; second, to diminish the consumption of alcoholic liquors; and third, to insure that whatever liquors were sold within the country should be absolutely free from any adulteration.

All three of these objects have been accomplished, and the consul sums up the general results in these words: "The success of the alcohol monopoly may now be said to be fairly established. It has done its best to insure the purity of the spirit consumed throughout the country; it has diminished the consumption in a remarkable degree, and it distributes yearly among the cantons a sum which is already very considerable and which will increase."

There is a temperance feature in the Swiss law which must not be overlooked. It provides that one-tenth of the money which accrues to the cantons must be expended in combating the causes and effects of drunkenness, leaving it to the wisdom of their legislative bodies as to the manner in which this may best be done. While one of the objects of the legislation was to produce additional revenue, the most satisfactory result, to the friends of temperance, has been the decrease in the consumption of liquors. In the year 1885, the average consumption of spirits in Switzerland per capita of population was 10.26 liters, while in 1890, under a little over two years of the new law, it had been reduced to 6.27 liters. The liter is about 1½ quarts of our measure.

This diminution cannot but be gratifying to every friend of the temperance cause. The creation of a government monopoly has put a stop entirely to the contraband trade in intoxicants which was carried on before to a very great extent, and the rigid governmental inspection has insured the purity of all liquors sold. These results are certainly important, especially when we remember the condition of Switzerland a few years ago, when the increase of drunkenness was so alarming as to spur the government, in the face of strong opposition, to take hold of the problem. —Toledo Blade.

### GLEANEED HERE AND THERE.

We have a great horror of arsenic, and fifty other things; the fact is, all these things are a mere bagatelle in relation to the most direct, absolute, immediate and certain poisonings which are caused by alcohol.

Why do bartenders seek to shield their patrons from the public gaze, by erecting screens, and why do rum drinkers shelter themselves behind such barriers? It is not for privacy's sake alone, because if such were the case the same seclusion would be required at the soda-water fountain.

At least nine states out of the forty-four in the United States now make scientific temperance education compulsory in their common schools. There are between twelve and thirteen million children in America of whom the law says that they shall be taught the truth against strong drink and kindred narcotics. In the majority of these states no teacher who has not passed a satisfactory examination in the subject is granted a certificate or authorized to teach.

The beer-drinking capacity of some men seems almost beyond comprehension. The New York World has been investigating the subject, and says: Men who work in breweries are credited with being the largest daily consumers of beer. At Everard's from fifteen to eighteen quarters are drunk every day by the employees, but "Joe," who stands behind the free bar, said that thirty or forty glasses was a good individual average. One man said he thought he could drink one hundred glasses a day if there were anything in it, but he didn't believe his ordinary consumption was over seventy-five glasses.



In last week he fell into the indignations like the vagabond. "What churches are all working to God, and in this thing should be happy state?" said, and he said, "Brother Paul, in this will not be." We sing, "we have been in worship, warrant for the church, and given, and by precept authorized us, not given us, authorized to prepare and because they to the church." But Quakers, hymn with Mark 14: 2, psalm. And, hymn, agree that reason was the of psalm. So the of Christ in psalm. Where, Christ an uninspired. But Quakers, divine to sing well as psalm 16." Don in God's in have psalm songs? If uninspired, inspired, some "hy spiritual" the inspirations, psalm songs; under inspiration to make sing the furnish cause the Christ and became manifesto can be given songs in.

Brother and catechized they were. "Worth receive, uninspired there it is, psalter, to use them here, anything." Now people may starve, mistake.

**Merit Wins.**

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica ointment and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that we have given such universal satisfaction: We do not hesitate to guarantee them, every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. Ridgway's, druggist. (1)